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# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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WHOLE NO. 125.

From the Massachusetts Quarterly Review.  
The Mexican War.  
BY THEODORE PARKER.

There is a period in history when war is thought to be the natural state of mankind; when, certainly, it is the common state, and peace an exception to the general rule. Labor is hated, and war honored. In such a time, no reason need be given for going to war; rather perhaps is a reason required for ceasing from battle and plunder. In the early period of Rome, the senate now and then made a truce, but never a peace. Peace was only an armistice for a limited period. Says Homer, "It is the business of a man to fight, of a slave to till the ground." He represented the general opinion of the "Heroic Age." But now things are somewhat changed. War is the exception; public opinion is against it. Merchants and Mechanics dislike it, for it interferes with their productive operations; thinking men abhor it as unreasonable; and good men look on it as wicked. In all European countries, the thinking men demand of their rulers a good reason for disturbing their relations of peace. The old talk about national honor has diminished not a little amongst intelligent men, who think the national honor which is gained or lost by a battle is of no great value. Indeed, so far have matters gone, that many men hold the opinion, and some have even a settled conviction, that war between nations is no more reputable and manly, no more likely to establish justice, than trial by battle in courts of law; no better than duelling between men of honor, or a bout with fists between two Irish brawlers partially drunken. They think that war is nothing but murder, murder in the first degree, with malice aforethought, and what is wrong for one man is equally wrong for twenty millions; that justice is not the less so for being a great injustice. Then again there are some religious men who think that Christianity actually forbids war. It is true the various churches of the world have taken little pains to say so, but a good deal of pains to say the opposite. We never yet have seen the creed, the litany, or the catechism, which give us the smallest hint that Christianity and war were incompatible. Still there are religious men who think the religion of God planted the germs in human nature, is thoroughly hostile to all war.

All of these men united may be few in number—Theorists, Philanthropists, Philosophers, and the like. Still they are not idle nor ineffective; they have already produced a change in public opinion; and in this city and its neighborhood, a very great change within a few years. Then, too, there are sound, sober, practical men, who look little at first principles, it may be, and the nature of things, but much at modes of operation, and effects. They see that war is costly; that it costs money; that it costs men; that it is not productive. In short, they see that all which a nation consumes in its army and navy is a bad investment, stock which does not pay. Still further: there are humane men, aboriginal democrats, who think that man is of more account than the accidents of a man—customs, institutions, property, and the like; they think that all government should be designed for the good of all men, and therefore that it must accord with the principles of absolute justice, which God has written on the heart of mankind. They see that war tramples all these principles under foot; and therefore, and in the name of the people, they obstinately refuse to promote, to favor, or even to tolerate a war.

Now, by means of these small parties of original thinkers, the Theorists, Philosophers, the Economists, and the Philanthropists, it has come to pass that war is getting sadly out of favor. True there are men, and enough of them, in the name of Religion, of Philosophy, Economy, and Democracy, who defend the old usage. They think that war now and then is a good thing; "it invigorates the people"—"it kills off the rabble, and, for the latter purpose, is better than the jail and gallows, as well as swifter." These men have a great many newspapers at their command, and sometimes occupy seats deemed more sacred than an editor's chair. Doubtless they retard the progress of true ideas, and so add to the misery of mankind. Yet they no longer govern public opinion; their influence yearly becomes less, for man naturally loves justice, and is a human being, not a brute, nor a fool. It has now come to pass, that in all civilized countries the mass of men look on war as a terrible evil, and not one to be lightly incurred by the government of the nation.

It surprises no one when savage tribes quarrel; the cause is seldom inquired after, for it is known that in such a stage of progress war is to be looked for and expected. But when a civilized nation pauses in its career of productive exertions, and turning its art, its science, its strength of hand and head, its natural activity, from their creative work, seeks to destroy the property of its sister State, to burn her towns, to butcher her men, and with the soldier's invader pollute her soil—it is a serious and a dreadful thing. Sober men look for the cause of such madness. The physical evil is monstrous—the waste of property, the havoc of life. But this is the smallest part of the mischief. The savage spirit excited in the soldier, which he carries home to his village; the hunger after booty, the thirst of blood, which successful war awakens in the conqueror's throat; the desire of revenge which defeat kindles in the heart of the discomfited—these long retard the progress of mankind. Take the foremost of civilized nations, the mass of men have not yet forgotten the savage; the thin garment of civilization is easily torn asunder and stripped off; you break the skin of the gentleman and behold a cannibal; the peasant of England or France becomes the fierce Saxon, or the savage Gaul, whose deeds you shudder to think of.

Every war in this age retards the progress of mankind. The United States, having out-

grown their mother, refused her burthens, resisted her stripes, and at last separated from her, after a long and hearty quarrel. The effects of that quarrel still survive, and countries of peace will hardly remove the jealousy and hatred felt by the most ignorant men of both nations, as well as by their political leaders. If two countries are united by a war, as Poland and Russia, the spirit of intense and national hatred remains yet longer, and is still more violent.

It is a great wrong for a powerful and civilized people to attack a nation that is barbarous and feeble. The indignation of honest statesmen is justly aroused against France for her conduct towards Algiers. Doubtless she had her provocations, but between the weak and the strong every body knows where the provocation commonly begins. The old fable of the wolf and the lamb is not likely to be forgotten. The conduct of England towards China, towards Ireland—fills the world with indignation. The history of her achievements in Asia is the history of her shame. Honest men in England know it as well as we. Austria is powerful, and Rome is weak; the emperor is of the middle ages, while the new pope is a son of the nineteenth century, and of course a reformer. He loves his church, loves his people, loves mankind; founds institutions which the Austrian despot cannot relish, or even tolerate; which endanger the 'peculiar institutions' of that despotic monarch. The middle ages and the nineteenth century are mutually hostile. Institutions which ought to be separated by hundreds of years quarrel at first touch. If Ferdinand should therefore invade the States of the Church, attempting to re-annex the March of Ancona to his possessions in Lombardy—the advance from Ferrara to Bologna would raise a cry of shame in every country of Europe, and find a manly echo even in America. Justice takes sides with the party most in the right; Humanity against the strong oppressor.

The present war against Mexico is entitled to a serious examination. The Mexicans are few, poor, weak, half-civilized; they lack the elements which give a people strength. They have no national unity of action. Imitating the example of the United States, they separated from the mother country, and tried the experiment of a liberal constitution. They have been in a quarrel among themselves ever since, and have perhaps shown themselves unfit for a republican government. The people cannot go alone; they are weak, distracted, inefficient, but possessed of a wide and rich territory, valuable and attractive. The Americans are numerous, patriotic, enterprising, hardy, united, and of course powerful—the most energetic and executive nation ever developed on the earth. Besides this, they have established a form of government which harmoniously balances individual freedom with national unity of action; a government which of all others is the best fitted to develop energy, hardihood, and enterprise; one most powerful of all to direct and animate a conquering army. We know this is not the common opinion, but the military man who is also a statesman, and familiar with the history of States—if such a military man can be found among us—will see the truth of this judgment.

The strong nation is at war with the weak. America has the example of France and England to sustain her, and other examples not quite so reputable, but which shall presently be cited. No doubt the English nation—we mean the portion thereof who trade in politics, on the one extreme, and, on the other, the brute portion of the people—would justify the American invasion of Mexico; would think more highly of us for the undertaking, and the success of it. It is plainly following the example of England herself—a copy of her treatment of the Irishman and the East Indian. Here, too, the men who trade in politics and the brute portion of the people like the war. It matters not which party they belong to; they call it patriotic; they go for the country however bounded, and the country right or wrong. Before such men we lay our finger on our lips, and say nothing. Let time teach them.

But there is another body of men in all lands, and powerful in this—Philosophers, Economists, Philanthropists, who are not satisfied with a war merely because they are engaged in it; who think it no better because waged against a miserable opponent, or because it is fought by their own country; who know that successful war is no better than when defeated. To such men it is necessary to offer a reason for disturbing the peace of the continent. The President of the United States, in his message at the opening of the second session of the last Congress, has himself undertaken to justify the war. In his statement there is a certain doubleness of purpose quite apparent. He makes a special plea, with a compound issue, thus:—The Mexicans began the war, and we acted only on the defensive; but then there were a great many reasons why we might ourselves have begun the war, without waiting for the Mexicans to take the initiative. This is he doubly armed. If the major weapon of argument fails—and it is shown that the Mexicans did not commence the war—then he holds fast by the minor, that we had a just reason for beginning it ourselves. But let us examine this matter more nicely. We extract from Mr. Polk's message of Dec. 8th, 1846:

"Such has been our scrupulous adherence to the dictates of justice, in all our foreign intercourse, that we have given no just cause of complaint to any nation, and have enjoyed the blessings of peace for more than thirty years. From a policy so sacred to humanity, we should never be induced voluntarily to depart." But "Mexico commenced hostilities, and forced the war upon us."—p. 3.

But even if it were not so, "long before the advance of our army to the left bank of the Rio Grande, we had ample cause of war against Mexico." But some, he adds, have represented the war "unjust and unnecessary, and as one of aggression on our part upon a

weak and injured enemy. Such erroneous views, though entertained by but few, have been widely and extensively circulated, not only at home, but have been spread throughout Mexico and the whole world. A successful means could not have been devised to encourage the enemy and protract the war, to advocate and adhere to their cause, and to give them aid and comfort."—p. 4.

This reminds us of what George III. said to the lord mayor of London, in 1775. It is with the utmost astonishment that I am aware of my subjects capable of encouraging the rebellious disposition that unhappily exists in some of my colonies in North America. Some of my subjects, however, continue to advocate and to aid the rebels, affording them aid and comfort. The king thought it was moral treason, a protracting of the war. They had truth and justice on their side, and against them—King George the Third.

Mr. Polk proceeds to state the case of America against Mexico. The Americans had suffered many grievances from the Mexicans. "The wrongs we have suffered from Mexico, almost ever since she became an independent power, and the patient endurance with which we have borne them, are without a parallel in the history of modern civilized nations." Soon after her independence, she commenced "a system of insult and spoliation;" "our citizens employed in lawful commerce were imprisoned, their vessels seized, our flag insulted in her ports." Change of rulers brought no change in this system, continued under the President of the American government made repeated reclamations, which were followed only by new outrages; promises of redress were postponed or evaded. The commercial treaty of 1831 produced no change. In 1837, General Jackson declared that such conduct "would justify in all nations immediate war." Yet he thought we should give Mexico one more opportunity to atone for the past before we resorted to war. Accordingly, negotiations were entered into in 1837, and the Mexican government promised to do all which reason or justice required. This was in July, but in December the promise had not been fulfilled. Mr. Polk distinctly declares, "and the United States at that time adopted compulsory measures and taken redress into their own hands, all our difficulties with Mexico would probably have been long since adjusted, and the existing war have been avoided."—p. 7.

This is a plain statement. But if the Mexicans began the war in 1846, because the Americans annexed Texas, we cannot see how any one set of the Americans in 1837 could have prevented it, unless indeed Mexico had been so weakened as to be unable to wage a war! But the President does not admit this; he tacitly admitting that the Mexicans did not begin this war, all of whose causes were to be seek previous to 1837. A compound issue is a difficult one to plead. We beg the reader to notice that the President admits that the causes of the Mexican war—the seizure of American property and men, insults to our flag—are all anterior to the year 1837, and might have been disposed of then, if we had then sought redress in the usual way—by war. Of course all that has occurred since can be but accessory after the fact!

But a new negotiation was begun; the convention of April 12th, 1839, took place—this was the first convention. In August, 1840, a Board of Commissioners, with powers limited to eighteen months, was organized to adjust the claims of American citizens against Mexico. An umpire, appointed by the King of Prussia, came to assist in the work. The Board allowed American claims to the amount of \$2,026,139 68; the American commissioners allowed also \$928,637 88, which the Mexican commissioners had not time to examine. Thus there was a total of \$2,954,767 56, which the American commissioners demanded of Mexico. Other claims, amounting to \$3,336,837 05, were also presented, which the American commissioners had not decided upon when their period of service came to an end. Mexico acknowledged her obligation to pay the \$2,026,139 68 but, unable to pay immediately, asked for more time.

A second convention took place January 30th, 1843, and an agreement was made that the interest due on the acknowledged claims should be paid on the 30th of the next April, and the residue of principal and interest in twenty instalments, one payable each three months. The interest was paid and three of the instalments, as they severally became due, though we are told, such was the poverty of the Mexican government, that the sum of the money could only be raised by forced loans.

On the 20th of November, 1843, a third convention was concluded upon by the Mexican government, for the purpose of ascertaining and settling all other claims not previously adjusted by the first convention in 1839. The American authorities offered some amendments to the Mexican scheme, which it seems the Mexican government did not accede to, and so the convention never took place.

In brief, then, letting alone the insults offered to our flag—and we know not how they can be shaken out of its folds—this is the sum of actual and tangible grievances. Mexico owes us about \$2,000,000, and does not pay. The President thinks war ought to have been declared long ago.

(To be Continued.)

\* The character of these claims, and the gross imposture of many of the claimants, were well exposed by Mr. J. S. Pendleton, a member from Virginia, in a speech, Feb. 22, 1847.

† For official accounts of these matters, see Mr. Polk's message of Dec. 24, 1845; of December 8, 1846; Mr. C. J. Ingersoll's report on the war with Mexico, June 24, 1846, with Mr. Howard's report, July 7th, 1838, and the minority report of Mr. Cushing, of the same date.—Dec. No. 752. H. of Rep. 29th Congress, 1st Session. See the usual commentaries in the speeches of the times.

From the Pa. Freeman.  
Is it Christian?

Gen Taylor is now on a visit to the United States—some of the papers hint—on an electioneering tour. We of course make no such uncharitable and indecorous insinuation, after such a multitude of proofs as his letters have given, that he has no ambition for that office, and can only reluctantly consent to take it, at the solicitation of all the people. He might, it is true, out of pure patriotism, and respect to their judgment, be willing to mortify his modesty and take up the cross of presidential honors, with its incidental twenty-five thousand dollars; but one might as soon

rewarded for fighting in a bad cause! then be consistent and give similar honors to the buccanar and pirate who show equal courage. No, friends, in glorifying the man you glorify the wicked war which he represents. No one who has a just view of that war, can help to cheer its fighters. A truly virtuous people would receive those warriors with such marked censure and reproof, that they would feel the rebuke burn in their very souls.

There is no evil that afflicts society which ought to be considered irreparable. But it not follow that they are therefore to be immortal. There is no evil, there is no institution from which flows injuries to the world, that is so rooted in the nature of man, or of such monstrous dimensions, that it can resist all efforts to destroy it. Though an institution may arise before the awe-stricken fancy of persons like a Gibraltar; and though the enemies of truth and right may have firmly entrenched themselves within its defences, its overthrow should not be despaired of. Bring the right sort of energy to the task, and let a sufficient number of hands be employed in the labor, and the time-defying pyramids of Gizeh may be razed to their foundations.

There is a deplorable infirmity which afflicts too many well-disposed persons—people who deeply regret the existence of evils of great magnitude, and fancy that because of their magnitude it is useless to attempt their removal. Now, this is the very reason why they ought to be warred against—why they should be immediately attacked with vigor, and their extermination decreed. It is weakness and irresolution in an individual to fold his arms and refuse to make war on an evil because of its formidable extent. The heroism of a true-hearted man is vitalized in the presence of great obstacles, and his soul burns with irrepressible ardor to attack and overcome them. Such a man does not think that because an enterprise is surrounded with many great difficulties, he ought to content himself with sighing and uttering lamentations. Whimpering is a very poor substitute for work—it can accomplish no good, but well-directed labor is always followed by good results.

The old doctrines of fate and destiny are nuisances, which every enlightened mind ought to reject as debasing. They answered very well as foundations for the machinery of Greek tragedies, but they are unsuited to the hearts of champions who deem reforms practicable. The Musselman says that it is the will of God that things shall take place as they do, and will not lift his hand to avert any evil however threatening. Evils are the results of man's perverted nature, and it is the business of man to remove and utterly to extirpate all that former wrong-headedness and wrong-headedness have introduced. Crime and oppression have always degraded and depressed society, not because it is the will of Heaven that they should afflict the world—not because the Great Supreme needs them as means by which He can secure a greater amount of good to His creatures than would otherwise be within their reach, but because men have rebelled against His will, and have entailed on themselves the punishment which always follows a departure from or trampling on His laws. It is a very poor philosophy, indeed, which teaches that the evils that afflict society are necessary to whatever good society enjoys, and that because human stupidity in past ages has subjected us to vast penalties, we ought supinely to regret them, and not girl on our armor to attack and to overthrow them.

There are many very good people who tell us that such is the magnitude of African slavery, so wide and profound is its baleful shadow, that we ought to despair rather than undertake its removal. It is sheer cowardice to permit the vastness of an evil to appal the soul. The deeper and more deplorable it is, the greater is the necessity why it should be attacked. We despise the slavery of fear, and senter to the winds that miserable prudence that induces timid men to crouch in the presence of an evil because it is great.

The cause of emancipation in Kentucky is a noble and glorious cause, worthy to be the souls of heroes, and worthy of the blood of martyrs. It cannot be promoted by regrets. It calls for able hands and honest hearts, and, thank God, there is a host of heroic men in our state whose souls are panting to expend their best energies in the great struggle which is approaching, on the issues of which hang the life or death of slavery. They are not appalled at the extent of the evil; on the contrary, their courage expands whenever they reflect on the vastness of the difficulties which they have resolved to overcome. All the signs of the times presage for these champions of truth and justice one of the most signal victories that ever won the smile of Heaven, and filled the hearts of good men with joy.

The Court Martial.

It was said the trial of Lt. Col. Fremont would prove interesting to military men. It is likely to be deeply interesting to the nation; for through it we are having developed the purposes of our Government as regards Mexico. The National Intelligencer says:

"Enough is already disclosed to show that this trial is to take a vastly wider range than merely to the military deserts of Col. Fremont. The motives, objects, and conduct of the Mexican war itself can hardly fail to come under review of the public at least, though not of the Court Martial, which will doubtless limit its own investigation to its proper sphere of action.

How can the public indeed, shut its eyes to the official indications of the purpose of the Administration, in the earliest stages of this war, to make itself master of the territory of Mexico, with a view to permanent oc-

cupation of them, as made apparent by the following passages, read in the course of yesterday from documents which have never been seen by one in ten thousand even of the reading citizen of the United States!"

Extract of a Letter from Secretary, Bancroft to Commodore Sloat, dated July 13, 1847.

"The object of the United States is, under its rights as a belligerent nation, to possess itself entirely of Upper California."

"When San Francisco and Monterey are secured, you will, if possible, send a small vessel of war to take and hold possession of the port of San Diego; and it would be well to ascertain the views of the people of Pueblo de los Angeles, who, according to information received, are in a state of excitement."

decisions of coming under the jurisdiction of the United States. If you can take possession of it, you should do so.

"The object of the United States has reference to ultimate peace with Mexico; and if at that peace the basis of the *uti possidetis* shall be established, the Government expects, through your forces, to be found in possession of Upper California."

"This will bring with it the necessity of a civil administration. Such a Government should be established under your protection; and, in selecting persons to hold office, due respect should be had to the wishes of the people of California, as well as to the actual possessors of authority in that province. It may be proper to require an oath of allegiance to the United States from those who are entrusted with authority. You will also assure the people of California of the protection of the United States."

From the Liberator.  
The President's Message.

This document was sent to Congress at the usual time, and sent by telegraph over the country in less than no time. It has excited a good deal of condemnation on the part of the Whig presses. But we like it. It does credit to the consistency of the President. He stands his hand well. There's nothing enervating or seeking about it. For our part we like him the better for it. He is a very fit Chief Magistrate for this great people, and this message is a very becoming utterance for him and them. The Whigs, especially, should have nothing to say, excepting that spendthrift portion of them, that are extravagant enough to keep consciences. Those foolish ones that have not learnt that such an equipage should always be laid down when they join a party, as an unnecessary luxury, may find fault with it, perhaps; but not the gentlemen or their upholders who voted for the 'act of Mexico' last year, upon whose votes the President very justly rests his assertion of the nationality of the war.

It is full of lies, to be sure; but then they are lies of a size and dignity commensurate with the greatness and destinies of this Mighty Republic. They are lies which do credit to the nation. None of your little mean ones, but lies on a great scale, and which have received the sanction of the nation and justify represent the national character. It is also marked by the piety, which should ever distinguish our public documents. As soon as Mr. Polk has sat down to table and is just about to stick his knife and fork into Mexico, he folds his hands and rolls up his eyes, and says grace as follows:—"No country has been so much favored, or should acknowledge with deeper reverence, the manifestations of the Divine Protection!" Thus it appears that Mr. Polk, like Mrs. Polk, (according to the correspondence of the Traveller,) does not hesitate to acknowledge his dependence upon God!

The Message, therefore, properly reflects the civil and the religious phases of the American character. It is a true exponent of the national mind. As such we value it and commend it to all our foreign friends as fair picture, 'in little,' of the mental complexion of this great people. Happy, indeed, is it for the bulk of our countrymen that Dead-end's way of seeing Othello is in no danger of being reversed in their case. If we should see the mind of the American people in their villages, what a nation of blackmoors we should be! How would the broad aisles of our Churches be deserted! How would the lists of voters be diminished! But, happily, we have not to fear.

Such hard and arbitrary means here!"

Armed in the proof of our white faces we can go on 'harruping our niggers,' and cutting our neighbor's throats, until we shall have annexed all Creation, and made the whole earth a nest for 'our Country's bird' and its rotten eggs! We must say that we think Mr. Polk has done himself and his constituents credit by the portraiture he has here given of them.—q

GEORGE SMITH, Esq., has directed a letter to the Supervisors and Justices of the several towns of this county, requesting them to select "seven unmarried, poor landless white women; a part or all of them may be widows," to each of whom he proposes to give fifty dollars, for the purpose of aiding them to purchase a home for themselves.—Madison Co. Whig.

True Patriotism.—The Richmond (Va.) Palladium says that not a volunteer has gone from that county (Wayne,) to Mexico to engage in that wholesale human butchery. We suppose the Wayne county workingmen think they can better serve their country by industry and productive labor than by learning the violence and cruelty of the battlefield and the polluting voice of the camp, and leaving their families as paupers upon the community. Theirs is a patriotic worth imitating.

The good man sins sometimes—weakness is natural to him; but he ought to watch so diligently over himself, that he shall never fall twice into the same crime.

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair.

TO OUR FRIENDS OF THE BUGLE:—Possibly to some of our friends in Ohio, a little sketch of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair, from a spectator, might not be wholly uninteresting.

This was held last week, as usual, on the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th days of the week before Christmas.

What a contrast is this Fair of '47 to those of a few years since, when the female Abolitionists of Philadelphia first attempted to employ this means of raising funds for the cause. The very first effort was, I think, of one or two tables furnished with useful and fancy articles, in the room where a convention was being held. Then on another occasion there were glass cases of goods exposed in a similar manner. Now, the largest saloon of the Assembly Buildings in Chestnut street is not more than sufficient for the reception and display of the offerings that are annually laid by warm hearts and willing hands, upon this, no unimportant shrine of Liberty.

As this room is considered one of the most beautiful in that city of neatness and taste, and as it is so admirably adapted to the purposes of the Fair, it may not be amiss to describe it—if, indeed, you are not already familiar with it through other means.

I do not know its size, but its very large and of graceful proportions—much longer than wide—square columns, in fine imitation of Italian marble, stand out from its walls, yet connected with them, and seem to support with their Corinthian capitals the lofty ceiling. The large windows with their crimson curtains cast a ray of light which is reflected from mirrors upon the opposite wall, which open to the spectator another saloon of equal brilliancy, other groups equally gay. Yet far more splendid than by day-light is it when the gas-lighted chandeliers shed through their thousands of prisms an enchanted glow—such a light as lovely maidens look for in fairy-land, and that makes all else that is lovely look doubly so. At the upper end of the room is an elevated orchestra, tastefully ornamented.

The decoration, by the fair hands of the Fair friends, lacked nothing of the elegance and neatness that characterized it a year ago, and some may have heard that described. 'Twas very like it in style. The light Gothic arches of evergreen, with their festoons of the same, mounted the tables. Appropriate mottoes, wreathed with green, still graced the walls, speaking eloquent truths to all who entered. The portraits of the Liberty Bell above the orchestra still commanded, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

But all this is not the Fair. Well, do you know just what a Fair we had a year ago? This has not been quite equal to that in the interest of the occasion, and the richness and variety of the articles furnished. For this there are many causes, among which we have no reason to rank a falling off in interest of its friends. Such we are assured has not been. But we had not with us now as then, the New England warblers with their sweet pure voices, and purer souls, to cheer us with hope for "the good time coming," and to inspire us with faith to "wait a little longer." Hence our saloon was not so thronged as then. We lacked the aid of our friends over the waters, who supplied us then with so much that was rich and beautiful.

They, alas, have had other sufferings to relieve, than those in our land—sufferings, which, though they have not absorbed all their sympathies, have drawn so largely upon their means of giving, that none was left for our poor. Yet we had a goodly supply of the useful and the elegant there. There were, for strict utilitarians, hose, handkerchiefs, caps, holders, socks, sewing cotton, &c. (The authorized agents for the sale, in this country, of Dorcas spool cotton, a new manufacture, and of very superior kind, presented the Fair with one hundred dozens of it.) And for the lovers of the beautiful were all manner of interesting things. Work-baskets neatly lined with satin—the thousand and one varieties of bags and cushions—pictures and fancy boxes. There were infants' rattles, knitted of zephyr, very handsome and comfortable too—scarves and lamp mats of the same, in every conceivable style. A new supply of the Anti-Slavery Alphabet, which last year so pleased those who would fill into the young mind with its first lessons in books, interest in the cause of the slave, was there. There were two copies of a Daguerreotype picture representing in a group the female members of the executive committee of the State Society. Among the most interesting little things that were there was a quantity of Ocean mosses, put up by George S. Burleigh. They were neatly dried, or fastened to cards of white board, and so extremely delicate that the hand in passing over the face of the card could scarcely move them without their being laid as gracefully and apparently as naturally as in their home in the waters. Those who know nothing of the vegetable treasures of the deep, can form but little idea of their beauty and delicacy. The coloring was rich, and in many specimens even gay—of course to attract

cial or foreign dies had been employed upon them.

The lovers of "patch-work" would have been pleased with a counterpart that was there, the work of an elderly woman of color, in the city. It was of hexagon figures, each of which would scarcely measure over an inch in diameter. The material was rich silk, of beautiful dyes.

Your little friends, had they been there, would have found in the variety of dolls, of china tea-sets, of dimensions suited to homoeopathic faith, &c., a nameless variety of other pretty things, that their dear little tastes had not been forgotten.

In all, "The beautiful, the priestess of the benevolent," seemed to have lived in the minds of the designers.

Under the Orchestra stood the refreshment table, where the disciples of Graham might find unleavened brown bread, and green corn boiled, uncooked fruits and cold water; while those of more "liberal habits" might have their energies replenished with ice-cream, tea, coffee, chocolate, oysters, lobsters, and any reasonable variety of rich cakes and confectionery, preserves and pickles.

Warm dinner was furnished every day, in an adjoining room. This was quite a convenience, as the convention was held in a part of the same building, and the weather was sometimes inclement. What the profits of the Fair were I have not yet heard, but would presume that they had not been trifling. And the Convention—it was heart-cheering. Not for a long, long while have I seen such perfect harmony in a large Anti-Slavery gathering. I would that you had been there—I am sure that you would have been as we were, better and happier for it.

The harmony was so marked as to draw an expression of satisfaction, of joy, from one whose habit it is to note with a jealous ear every deviation from union in the tones of our anti-slavery organ. All remarked it—yet 'twas not the harmony of inertness, for there was evidence of lofty principle, and earnest faith, and persevering effort. Wm. H. Channing was there, and his spiritual eye, and warm though gentle eloquence, his heart of love, and voice of truth could not fail to shed their influence over those who come to hear and see. Those Eastern Stars, whom we now claim as our own, C. C. and C. M. Burleigh were there. Nor was the sweet noble voice of Lucretia Mott wanting. Among the interesting and edifying things that were said, our influence upon the cause of Freedom, through our regard for treatment of the free people of color amongst us, was largely dwelt upon. The truly practical nature of our means—moral suasion—was also treated fully and clearly. The Convention occupied 5th and 6th days; and on 7th day a Peace Meeting was held in the room where the other met. The transition produced no discord. 'Twas only harmony perfected.

Let me now sketch a few of the interesting things that were in itself so interesting. But what is it worth—would it were worthier. C. Chester co., Pa., Dec. 29, '47.

Lock, Licking co., Dec. 7, 1847.

Lock, Licking co., Dec. 7, 1847.

Lock, Licking co., Dec. 7, 1847.

Lock, Licking co., Dec. 7, 1847.

Lock, Licking co., Dec. 7, 1847.

church, and the consequent "panic" which would seize sectarians.

But in this I was doomed to disappointment; though the consistency and honesty of Mr. McBride, one would suppose, was pledged to the contrary. He, however, may think otherwise; and he should be left by me to the undisturbed enjoyment of that conviction were it not for the bigoted and very priestly course he has since pursued. Indeed I will leave this matter of consistency and honesty to the opinions of the public.

I wish to call attention to the apology of Mr. McBride for turning his back upon your Agents. And what is it? Why, he heard Mr. Walker, in an address to some young men at Leesburgh, advance very horrid and infidel even—sentiments. Also he heard a man say he had heard of Mr. Walker's introducing other than anti-slavery sentiments at our meeting in Alexandria. This is the accusation on account of which, so far as Mr. McBride can do it, the ears of the people are to be closed against the voice of the accredited Agents of the Anti-Slavery Society of the West. Look at it! The meeting at Leesburgh was not anti-slavery, nor did it pretend to be. Of course the speaker was at liberty to say what he pleased off of the anti-slavery platform. Under the circumstances Mr. Walker was responsible only to himself. Nor did he violate any obligations as an anti-slavery agent; for the Society is not the tyrannical organization it would be did it prohibit its agents from expressing their views on other than anti-slavery subjects.

Yet so base is public sentiment that if an agent expresses himself not in accordance with the popular voice, the Society is immediately branded over the land as unworthy of public confidence. Why? Because its agents are not orthodox in faith. As though it were the keeper of its agents' consciences. Nothing can be more contemptibly vile and mean. Wicked, however, as this is, Mr. McBride, from whom humanity had reason to hope so much, lends himself to it. Such conduct I will refuse to name, lest I should be severe.

But this is not the only way the prejudice of community is excited. Falsehood must be manufactured out of whole cloth—no cloth even. As in the Alexandria affair, hearsay must be made the ground of opposition. I pronounce the whole report a wicked fabrication. Nothing can be more unjust than to charge friend Walker with dragging extraneous topics upon the anti-slavery platform. If he has done so it has not been in my hearing.

The pitifully mean position in which Mr. McBride has placed himself shows the effect, it seems to me, of preferring sect to principle and humanity.

It ought to be noticed that in the most pro-slavery places where we have been we have met with no so determined opposition as in the strong hold of Wesleyanism, Orange. Whether are we tending?

Yours for humanity and against sect.

H. W. CURTIS.

Mecca, Dec. 15, 1847.

Mecca, Dec. 15, 1847.

Mecca, Dec. 15, 1847.

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Mecca, Dec. 15, 1847.

## ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JANUARY 7, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Friends of the slave, fill up the list! Volunteers are needed! The exigencies of the cause demand them, and they must be had. The Executive Committee need your immediate aid—will you give it? Fifty subscribers to the following plan are indispensable—there ought to be a hundred, and would be, if all who profess to love the slave would do according to their ability. Send in your names without delay.

### A Promise.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to pay to the Ex. Committee of the Western A. S. Society, \$10 for the support of the Bugle against the 1st of April 1848; with the understanding that in consideration thereof we are entitled to ten copies of said paper for one year, to be sent without further charge to such persons as we may direct, provided they are applied for before the 1st of July, 1848.

- 1 Isaac Trowell, Salem.
- 2 Wm. Lightfoot, " "
- 3 Jos. Barnaby, " "
- 4 Benj. S. Jones, " "
- 5 J. Elizabeth Jones, " "
- 6 Let Holmes, Columbiana.
- 7 T. Elwood Fickers, New Garden.
- 8 B. M. Connel, Austintown.

### To those Owning Pledges.

There is on the books of the Western Society a list of pledges made since the first of June last amounting to about one thousand dollars.

The Executive Committee is greatly in need of funds. Will not those owing pledges forward them? If those who have pledged considerable sums, cannot at present conveniently pay the whole amount, they will please forward a part, and thus relieve the Committee from its present necessities.

### American Religion.

The following communication from our friend Curtis—who was an eye witness to the proceedings referred to—portrays some rich developments of American religion and hypocrisy.

The communication of Mr. Selby spoken of below was published in the Bugle of Dec. 3. It will be seen by reference to Mr. Selby's statement of the affair, that Mr. Walker merely arose in a Public Meeting and asked this question: "Mr. McAbbe, what right have I at this meeting; it being a public meeting and I one of the public?" "I attended meeting this morning, being invited as I thought, and was violently forced from your door, and as I don't like to violate rules, I wish you to tell me what is my right at this meeting."

To this Mr. Abbe replied: "It is your right to take your seat and hear as others do; and if you don't do it, we'll find a way to make you, or will put you out of the house." "Why Mr. McAbbe," said Walker, "you would not miss a mob to put me out of the house?" Then commenced the attack upon him, one "pious brother" seizing him by the collar. The disturbance as will be seen by referring to Mr. Selby's account, was commenced and carried on by the church. Mr. Walker is probably now in Carleton jail.

Another interesting scene in the drama of which Mr. Selby gave you the first, has been acted. Mr. Walker and myself had no sooner arrived in Leesburgh from our tour to Licking co. than we were informed that he was prosecuted for disturbing a religious meeting. In an hour or two the Constable served a State's Warrant upon him. The trial came off last Friday before Samuel Dunlap Esq. of Hagerstown. He was fined fifteen dollars and costs, all amounting to about nineteen dollars. That he would be fined he and all his friends were as well assured before the trial as after.

The prosecution was commenced on the affidavit of a Thos. White, member of the M. E. Church, who, as common report says, declared, when advocating the righteousness of the Mexican War, that he would shoot an abolitionist as soon as he would a Mexican. To gratify the malice of such men was Mr. Walker prosecuted. But notwithstanding this, so far did the evidence, on the trial, brought by the prosecutor, fall short of sustaining the charge, that the Attorney for Mr. Walker, Mr. Van Brown, thought it entirely unnecessary to introduce any testimony on the part of the defense, although there was an abundance at hand.

The Council for the State took but little notice of the testimony, more than to remark that "he was ashamed to say any thing. It was so clear Mr. Walker had disturbed the meeting!" Clear as it was, he found it necessary to drag in the slanderous reports in circulation, that he (Walker) was a "disgraceful," an "infidel" &c. and upon these got up a prejudice in the mind of the Justice, or rather excite one already there, and by

this means carry his point. He succeeded to a charm.

Mr. Brown's effort to clear Mr. Walker, although, in many respects a noble one, was entirely unavailing of course.

It was Mr. Walker's design to speak in his own defense upon this position, that the Methodist E. Church, is not a religious body in the meaning of the statute, and that, therefore if he did disturb the meeting he was not guilty of disturbing a "religious meeting." At this the rage of the Methodists flashed daggers. McAbbe cried, "he wants to get at the church," &c. a thing his Reverence dreaded more than the nether powers. Of course Walker was gagged.

The Justice remarked in stating the amount he should fine Walker that his saying "the M. E. Church was not a religious body," was a terribly bad thing indeed. But it must not be supposed for a moment that this did any thing to increase the fine!! Out upon such legalized mockery.

No sooner was it announced that Mr. Walker was fined than his friends answered from another part of the house that the money was raised to pay it. The prisoner answered: "Don't you pay a farthing. If you do you do it under my protest." A farthing of it will never be paid with his consent. He will lie in jail any length of time rather. I left Leesburgh very early on yesterday morning. Since then I don't know what has been done. It was reported that McAbbe had said the thing should be pushed through. If so, as he is the Methodist General, it will be done.

### MEETING OF THE "SONS OF FREEDOM."

The "Sons of Freedom" immediately after the trial called a meeting, and, with entire unanimity and great enthusiasm adopted the accompanying Resolutions. This is an organization embracing a large proportion of the most reputable young men of Leesburgh—many of the true hearted of the old also.—To forward the Anti-Slavery cause is their main object. It is probably not too much to say that it was called into being mainly through the effective labors of Mr. Walker, in acknowledgment of which, under the circumstances, is a tribute due him.

Whereas, Our Bro. Walker has been arrested by law and brought before one of the "powers that be," upon the charge of having disturbed a religious meeting; and whereas, such charge was not sustained in any way, even by the parties in the prosecution, Therefore,

Resolved, That the judgment rendered against the defendant is a bold usurpation and exercise of "criminal power," regardless of testimony.

Resolved, That the manifest disposition on the part of the Justice, to render judgment against said defendant, and the carrying out of the disposition by the imposition of an unreasonable fine, is an outrage deep and flagrant, upon the rights of men, and should be regarded by the "Sons of Freedom."

Resolved, That the decision of the Justice in said case, is strictly in keeping with what may be expected from one, who, as a prerogative to the discharge of the duties of his office, avows to support a constitution of government which deems one sixth of all the people to the horrors of chattel slavery—a decision, in our opinion, entirely at variance with all the facts in the case.

Resolved, That we loathe and deprecate a religion which is forced to appeal to the civil law for the purpose of protecting itself against the asking of a simple question in a cautious manner—which is the same of Bro. Walker's offense.

Resolved, That we most sincerely sympathize with our persecuted brother—that we rejoice at his determination not to pay the fine—that we will do all in our power to make him as comfortable and happy as possible in whatever circumstances the malignity of his prosecutors may place him—that we will make the condition of his family so far as we can, our own by extending to them our strongest sympathies, and all the pecuniary aid necessary for their comfort—and finally, that we will be both to him and his family, all that the best sense of the word "Brothers" implies.

Resolved, That Mr. Van Brown, who appeared in the defense of our Brother has our warm thanks for his able effort to clear him from the meshes of his enemies; and we hope he may always have as good a case, but before a tribunal better qualified and more disposed to do justice than Samuel Dunlap of Hagerstown.

Resolved, That this exhibition of corruption emanating from a manstealing and soul selling religion, exhibiting itself through a limb of "Canaan" is a striking proof of the great necessity of reform, and calls loudly for the united support of this society in its accomplishment.

### THOS. RICE, Pres.

WESLEY MILLERBACK, Sec. On Saturday afternoon and evening, and Sunday we held very interesting meetings in the Wesleyan House. On Sat. eve. the proceedings of the trial were reviewed, and Mr. Walker gave an outline of the plea he would have made had he been allowed. It was a complete annihilator. No wonder the Methodists were sent into spasms when he proposed showing up their iniquities before the court.

This is a glorious time for the cause in Leesburgh. Never before was anti-slavery advancing so rapidly there. On this account Mr. Walker is willing to suffer whatever the malignity of his enemies may inflict upon him. "There is a good time coming."

Yours for the Triumph.

H. W. CURTIS.

Salem, Dec. 25, 1847.

One thousand eight hundred and sixteen children, lost in the streets of New York, were taken to the several Police district stations within six months, ending on the 31st of October.

## General Items.

The celebrated Philanthropist, Howard, recommended the following method of "driving dull care away."

"Set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat and go visit the sick and the poor, inquire into their wants and minister to them. Seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this medicine, and always find it the best antidote for a heavy heart."

In the vast prairies of Texas, a little plant is always found, which in all circumstances of climate and changes of weather, invariably retains its leaves and flowers to the North. In this little monitor, when all other means fail, the traveler finds an unerring guide to direct his steps across those trackless wilds.

There are now, says an English paper, in the new House of Commons, fifty-four eldest sons of peers, seven heirs presumptive, thirty-five younger sons, nineteen grandsons, forty-five brothers, and altogether 266 persons connected with the peerage.

**Silly-frog Lives Lost.**—The Packet ship Stephen Whitney, on her voyage from New York to Liverpool, ran upon a rock near Cape Clear on the South coast of Ireland, and was dashed to pieces. Only 18 of 110 passengers were saved.

Chancellor Kent died in New York on the 14th inst. It is said that the United States had but two men of such high reputation as jurists—they were John Marshall and Joseph Story.

A fellow who was brought before one of the London Police Courts, for assaulting and almost killing a woman, excused himself, by saying that he thought it was his wife who had been so badly treated.

The number of convicts in the New York State Prison, Dec. 1843, was 865; nearly one half of which were foreigners. In the New York City Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island there were on the 6th of January, 1845, 1199 convicts, of whom 866 were foreigners. Of the inmates of the City Prison at the same date, about seven eighths were foreigners. Of 3099 persons arrested and brought before the New York City Justices during the year ending March 14, 1845, about 2000 were foreigners. The "Prisoner's Friend" is of opinion that large numbers of criminals and paupers are annually freighted here by the Governments of Europe.

It appears from the report of the Post Master General that the revenues of the department for the year ending in June last, amounted to \$3,918,693, exceeding those of the preceding year, by the sum of \$458,693, being an increase of more than 13 per cent. The revenues are now about sufficient to meet the expenses of the department. The cheap postage system pays! Many feared it would not answer, and opposed it, gave Johnson among the rest. Doubtless the rates of postage can be still further reduced with advantage, both to the Department and the people. We hope the experiment will be tried.

**Sad Catastrophe!**  
Arthur "Excelsior" Phalanx, forty miles above Cincinnati on the Ohio river, seventeen persons were crushed to death on the 20th ult. by the falling of a house. The house a large brick building stood upon the bank of the river, and the foundation was torn away by the flood. There were thirty-two persons in the house at the time of the catastrophe. We have learned the names of but few of the killed. Messrs Cornell and all his family—a wife and four children—were among the unfortunate number.

John O. and Esther Wadsworth, known probably to most of our readers, were in the building but escaped with but little injury.

All accounts speak of the killed as persons of the highest moral worth, devoting all their energies to the cause of human happiness and progression. Such spirits the world can ill afford to lose.

**From Mexico.**  
But little of importance has been received late from Mexico.

The New Orleans Picayune of Dec. 13, states that the rumor of Santa Anna's being at the head of 18,000 men, and threatening the Mexican Congress &c, turns out to be without foundation. Santa Anna has few followers.

Gen. Anaya was elected President on the 11th of December, and has appointed Pelayo Pena the late President his secretary of State. The new President is said to be in favor of peace.

It is reported that Gen. Worth, Gen. Pillow, and Lieut. Duncan have been ordered by Gen. Scott for contempt. The story is that certain letters written by them censuring Scott have fallen into his hands.

**No Paper last Week.**  
Circumstances beyond our control prevented our getting out a paper last week. We were unable to obtain printing paper. A few days ago, however, we received a supply from the East, (which we had been expecting for several weeks,) and we hope to be able to issue the paper regularly in future.

## State Legislature.

The Petitions presented by Mr. Lewis in the Senate asking for a repeal of the Black Laws, and a dissolution of the Union gave rise to a somewhat excited discussion. Mr. Backus of Cayahoga county in discussing the dissolution Petition said:

"The time might come when asking for a dissolution of the Union might be a laudable object. The Union was made different by the accession of Florida and after by the annexation of Texas, which last was done by the President who now announced that California and New Mexico are wanted. To grant the prayer of the Petitioners, said Mr. B. might be treason to the Government as it now exists, but not treason against the constitution as originally formed."

The petition was received by a vote of 12 to 17.

The House, we are informed, passed resolutions condemning slavery and opposing the annexation of more territory to the United States. A copy of the resolutions has not yet reached us.

## To Correspondents.

J. B. of D. The \$1 referred to is placed to his credit, and pays to No. 97. The paper will be sent to his brother as directed.

E. F. C. His communication is received and shall receive attention.

H. N. T. Next week.

E. C. of W. Her article shall appear in our next.

S. C. Thanks for her steady and interesting communication.

Salem, Dec. 28, 1847.

In accordance with a previous call, a meeting of those friendly to the alphabetic reform, and to the formation of a phonographic society, convened in Liberty Hall. The meeting was called to order by appointing Joseph Smith President and Joseph Stanton Secretary.

A Constitution was produced and adopted, and a committee was, on motion, appointed by the chair, to make a nomination for officers of the society. The committee so appointed reported the following persons, which report was adopted.

President, Benjamin Stanton.  
Secretary, Joseph Smith.  
Treasurer, Sally D. Gove.

On motion, it was agreed that the Constitution should be written and signed in phonetic characters, and that a phonographic record of the proceedings of the society should be kept by the secretary.

On motion, the secretary was directed to offer an extract of the proceedings of this meeting, for publication in the Anti-Slavery Bugle, and Homestead Journal.

On motion, the society adjourned to meet on the 31 Saturday of January, 1848.

JOSEPH SMITH President.  
JOSEPH STANTON Secretary.

Congressional.

Little of importance has yet transpired in Congress. In the Senate, Mr. Dickinson of New York, offered the following resolutions, which were ordered to be printed:—

**Resolved,** That true policy requires the Government of the United States to strengthen its political and commercial relations on this continent, by the annexation of such contiguous territory as may conduce to that end, and as can be justly obtained; and that neither in such acquisition, nor in the territorial organization thereof, can any conditions be imposed, nor institutions provided for, or established, inconsistent with the right of the people thereof to form a free sovereign State, with all the powers and privileges of the original members of the Confederacy.

**Resolved,** That in organizing a Government for a territory of the United States, it will best comport with the principles of self-government, upon which our federative system rests, and that the true spirit and meaning of the Constitution will be best observed, and the Confederacy strengthened, in leaving all questions concerning the domestic policy of such territory to the Legislature chosen by the people thereof.

In the House, Mr. Holmes of South Carolina, moved the following resolutions, which the House refused to consider:

**Whereas,** This confederacy was formed for the establishing of a perfect union, and promoting the general welfare, it becomes those who are entrusted with regulating the Government so to direct its movements as to perfect that union, and advance that welfare; And Whereas, The prosperity, felicity, safety, and perhaps national existence, are involved in the invasive war we are now prosecuting against our sister Republic of Mexico, this important consideration should lead us to the adoption of such measures as may result in doing justice to Mexico, and promoting the lasting welfare of the United States: Therefore be it

**Resolved,** That it is inexpedient for the United States Government, so to use its conquests as to extinguish the national existence of Mexico, but so to avail itself of the victories it has achieved as to establish, by treaty stipulations, a lasting peace with Mexico upon the basis of an entire free trade between the two republics, such as exists between the several States of this Union.

**Resolved,** That we agree to concede all the territory we have taken from Mexico beyond the Rio Grande, on condition that our citizens have free ingress into and from New Mexico and California, the privilege of holding lands, exercising their religion, and carrying on trade as fully as any of the Mexican citizens of those provinces.

**Resolved,** That a further condition be the right of entry and departure of our shipping, both national and domestic into and from the

Mexican ports, as unrestricted as in the ports of the United States, with all the rights of breaking bulk taking in and discharging, purchasing and selling of cargoes, as in our ports.

**Resolved,** That we stipulate for the right of constructing a railroad from the United States to the harbor of San Diego, and to any town in New Mexico or California.

**Resolved,** That it is expedient to keep possession of the Castle of San Juan de Ullua as a hostage for the fulfilment of the stipulations above recited.

Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, moved the following resolutions; the fate of which we have not heard:

**Resolved,** That the war with Mexico was just and necessary on our part, and has been prosecuted with the sole purpose of vindicating our national rights and honor, and of securing an honorable peace.

**Resolved,** That the rejection of our repeated overtures of peace leave this government no alternative but the most vigorous prosecution of the war in such a manner consistent with the laws of nations, as will make the enemy feel all its calamities and burthens, and until Mexico shall agree to a just and honorable peace, providing satisfactory indemnity in money or territory for past injuries, including the expenses of the war.

**Resolved,** That the amount of indemnity must necessarily depend upon the obduracy of the enemy and the duration of the war.

The following from the Pittsburgh Times will serve to give some idea of the suffering and loss of life and property occasioned by the late distressing flood.

A correspondent at Cincinnati gives us a mournful account of the ravages of the flood which happily has now passed, and the citizens of Cincinnati are in a fair way to be soon at their old homes. Independence Hall, the Court House, Cathedral, twelve Churches, and three Engine Houses have been thrown open to the sufferers during their trouble.

The whole lower part of the city is submerged, and the streets, where a day or two ago, drays and wagons were loading and unloading, are now filled with boats of every description, from the canal boat to the skiff.

The waters extend up to Pearl st., and the Broadway Hotel, one of the largest in the city, is completely surrounded, the boarders being forced to go in and out in boats.

That part of the town known as "Terry," suffers greatly. Its inhabitants are generally poor, and hundreds of them have not a roof under which to lay their heads.

Louisville shares this misfortune with Cincinnati, as it also is partially overflowed. All the small towns between these two places are completely inundated, and deserted by their inhabitants. Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, &c. are all under water.

The Commercial of Friday morning, says: By passengers on the steamer Lancaster, we learn that the towns of Neville, Moscow, Belmont, New Richmond, Point Pleasant and Palestine, are all equally overflowed and that the people have been driven to the hills, where they have erected tents, and taken shelter in barns, &c. Some are in a deplorable condition, and two persons between Neville and Point Pleasant, Mrs. Alice Rickson and George Brownson, who were in feeble health, died in the hills from exposure.

The bottom lands of the Miami are entirely inundated, and many of the houses show but their chimney tops, while many of them have been carried away.

The railroad track is entirely submerged, the water in some places standing at a height above the chimney tops of a locomotive.

Several thousand bushels of corn which had been left in the fields, have passed out of the Miami into the Ohio within the last two days, and a passenger informs us that at the time he passed, that stream was literally covered with corn, weeds of fences, drift, &c.

The Lancaster passed, on her way down, three houses, one a tavern, belonging to Palestine, the other a small frame cottage, with turned column porches, and the other a large barn, with gable windows, in which several families were quietly resting. Evidence of the wreck and destruction above are constantly passing the city.

Of the towns below, we have the following information: Lawrenceburg is entirely under water. Nearly all the inhabitants had been compelled to leave their residences, and find places where they could, in the neighborhood, or at other places. The Mary Peil brought up about three hundred homeless families.

Great apprehensions were felt at Rising Sun, that the water would force through the high embankment, which served as a barrier against the calamitous flood of 1832. The river was within one foot of what it was at that time.

At the town of Bethlehem, Indiana, a short distance above Louisville, which is inundated, five worthy men were drowned, on Tuesday night while endeavoring to save some wood boats from destruction.

On the same night of the accident at the above place, four men were drowned at Lawrenceburg, while assisting the distressed in the removal of their property.

**Voice of Heathendom.**  
Let our "Christian Republicans" heed his speech! Below we give from the London A. S. Reporter, the Royal proclamation abolishing slavery and infanticide in Lahore. We wish the Missionary Society which is trying to convert those heathen, to note the motives which have induced this act. The Heathen God does not justify the ancient and popular wrongs—the "organic sins of the nation." He has no delight in the spilling of the blood of his creatures; nor in their enslavement. His holy book in "his every sacred code" condemns "such atrocious crimes."

The slavery which the Christian nations by his Bible, the Brahmin code from the Shasters. The slavery which the missionary society covers, "as a heathen her children under her wing," the heathen prince and priest denounce and exterminate. We need the spirit of Christianity, the missionary society or the pagan warblers! This shameful contrast between American piety and Indian humanity, ought to stir our very souls like a upon the naked flesh, till it is purged by our justice. Till then the pagan may well laugh at us.

as hypocrites, or reject our religion lest it demoralize him. Christendom has sent its rum and opium, its powder and muskets, in connection with its religion, to the heathen. We beseech that it will not send them its slavery. Fortunately for them, an ocean separates their dominion from America, or, like bruised and shattered Mexico, they might soon fall victims to our "manifest destiny," and witness new slave markets in their streets so recently purged of the pollution.

**Proclamation made by the Lahore Durbar throughout the dominions of Maharajah Dulsep Singh, dated 21st July, 1847.**

"The practice of female infanticide and Suttee being most iniquitous, as taking away innocent life, and the most learned and virtuous pundits and scholars of the Shasters having declared, after full inquiry, that it is positively forbidden by every sacred code, the Creator of the Universe having no delight in the contemplation of such atrocious crimes as spilling the blood of his creatures, it is hereby resolved, with the concurrence and approval of Lieutenant Colonel Henry Montgomery Lawrence, C. B. Agent President at Lahore, that the practice aforesaid, together with that of false-judging, be abolished henceforth and forever within the dominions of the Lahore Government."

"Accordingly it is hereby proclaimed, that no sirdar, or police officer, or landholder, or cultivator, or any other subject of Lahore, is to permit the commission of these crimes—either the murder of female infants, or the burning a widow on the pile of her husband, or the sale of men, women, or children."

"And if, after this proclamation, any one shall be guilty of either of the said offenses, it will be the duty of the district officers to give immediate information thereof to the Durbar, more especially in the case of stealing and selling children; and if any sirdar shall fail to do so, he will be held personally responsible for the same. Let public officers, therefore, as soon as ever they hear of any thing of the sort, seize and imprison the perpetrators, aiders, and abettors therein, and report the same to the Durbar, who will sit in judgment thereon."

"And be it known that no distinction will be made between the actual perpetrator of any of the crimes aforesaid, and those who aid or abet him in the perpetration, both will be equally punished."

"Written, signed, and sealed at Lahore, on 6th Sawan, 1903, with the royal signet."

"Let all men, therefore, obey it."

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Dreadful Explosion.**

We learn from the Clerk of the Daniel Boone that the steamer A. N. Johnson, on her first trip from this place to Wheeling, exploded about 10 miles above Mayaville, and then burst to the water's edge. The accident occurred yesterday, and Mr. McCracken has obligingly furnished us with a correct list of the killed and wounded, which we annex. One of the boilers was thrown about 200 yards from the boat into a cornfield, and burst in another, \$50 yards ahead of the boat, on shore. There were supposed to be about 95 cabin, and 65 deck passengers on board, at the time of the explosion. All the ladies and children in the cabin, were saved. Of 27 head of horses, 6 were saved.

The Daniel Boone left 37 of the passengers at Mayaville, and brought eight to this place. Five of the wounded, left at Mayaville, were not expected to live.

Sixty or eighty are supposed to be missing.

Some of the men took a skiff, went to Mayaville, and got the Daniel Boone to proceed to the place of the disaster, when she rendered all the assistance in her power. The wounded were dressed, and after attending to the wants of the sufferers, as far as possible, the Boone proceeded to Mayaville. The different charitable societies of that town, appointed committees to attend to them, and relieve their distress as far as possible.

At the time of the explosion, the A. N. Johnson had loaded to get off some passengers.

As the books of the boat were all lost, it is not probable the entire loss of life and property will be ascertained.

From the People's (London) Newspaper.

**American Slavery.**

Domestic slavery, that plague-spot on the American character, has just been crowned with the key-stone of its iniquity. The American government, not satisfied with permitting its citizens to make merchandise of their fellow-men, not deterred from the iniquity by the sneers of civilized men in every country of the world—the American Government, lowering its position in the scale of nations, and degrading itself in the eyes of the world, has become the auctioneer of its own subjects, women! Yes, two women, mother and daughter—the one sixty, and the other twenty—have been publicly offered for sale in the streets of Washington, to satisfy the demands of a department of the public service! Iniquity, like every thing else, has a boundary beyond which it cannot go unchecked; and surely that point is now reached.

A nation so depraved must lose the position to which its natural importance would otherwise entitle it, and a Government so morally degraded is incapable of soothing the world's universal torrent of execration. The President whom Moore described was, it seems, but a type of the community—

"The weary Statesman for repose hath fled From halls of council to his negro's bed. Where, blind, he woe some black Aspasia's grace."

And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace."

We are, however, sorry indeed to believe that the ground-work of this subject is an unquestionable fact. Slavery forms the pivot on which turns every calumny and every falsehood uttered against the noble principles of Republicanism. Every one who believes in the holiness of monarchy, and sneers at the depravity of a republic, finds a reason for the faith that is in him in the fact that while England is free from the curse, America is the very hotbed of Slavery. And the conclusion is plausible enough for those who do not penetrate beneath the surface of things. We, however, are not the least believers in the justice of Republican Government because a republic practices so revolting a crime against their principles, but we detect their practice. The liberty they profess, we denounce; but if we in England denounce their crimes, with what admiration must we view their struggles

of those men, who, in their own country have the moral courage to bear the upholders of the system! And we should be sorry to close our observations without awarding our praise to the few men in the Union who struggle in opposition not only to the inclination, but to the interests of the majority.

**The Bazaar.**

The Fourteenth National A. S. Bazaar opened on Tuesday, under the happiest auspices. Never did the Hall present so beautiful a spectacle. It is a true Christian Temple, its pillars feathering to their tops with the most beautiful of evergreens, crowned with arches of the same, every panel and "roign of vantage" decorated with the most elaborate art and elegant taste, filled with tables laden with a store of wares unsurpassed in richness and variety by the displays of former years, and, to crown the whole, thronged with still increasing numbers of discriminating and appreciating purchasers. The fears which had been entertained lest the commercial distress in the British Islands, might diminish the supplies from abroad, must be disproved by the almost inexhaustible supplies of things rich and rare with which recent arrivals have adorned the Bazaar. It would be difficult to imagine that there could ever have been a more liberal dispensation of Anti-Slavery gifts than those which our Trans-Atlantic friends have this year poured into the Treasury of the Slave. Nor have their Cis-Atlantic sisters been wanting to themselves or to the Cause. A generous rivalry seems to have prevailed, a competition in which either party would be most happy to be excelled. The result is to be seen in the elegant abundance of the offerings which are here laid upon the altar of Liberty. We know that all our City readers, who hope that all those within reach of the Metropolis, will not fail to do themselves and the cause a service by a prompt attendance, and liberal purchases at the Bazaar.—*q—Liberator.*

**Stopping the War.**

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes as follows:

"It is quite clear to my mind, that no treaty with Mexico can be ratified by the Senate, which is predicated upon the terms signified by the President, and therefore it necessarily follows, unless the administration will retreat from its present attitude, that the war cannot be terminated while it continues in power."

Why not? Suppose Congress should direct the President to accept the terms offered by Mexico, and if he would not do it, then withhold all supplies for carrying on the war—would we not soon have peace? The way is clear enough. All that is wanted is firmness to take the responsibility.—*True Dem.*

**"As thick as three in a bed."**

We have received a second number of the Bureau Advocate, published at Princeton, Bureau Co. Ill. It is certainly a curiosity. Two columns are devoted to the support of Whig principles and edited by a Whig Committee, two to Democratic principles, edited by a Democratic committee, and two to Liberty principles, edited by a Liberty committee. The remainder of the paper is devoted to news, miscellany and advertising. It is a large sheet, handsomely printed and ably conducted.—*Id.*

**TO THE FRIENDS**

**OF THE**

**Poor Colored Orphans.**

Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble." In 1844 an Asylum was started at Cincinnati, for the poor colored Orphans of Ohio, by Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Judge McLean, and others. They purchased a large building for \$1000, which is paid, except \$400. The house needs repairing to the amount of \$400 to make it comfortable and convenient for the reception of one hundred children, who will be received if the means of support for them, can be obtained.

The Asylum was chartered in 1845. It has nine faithful Trustees and other necessary Directors &c. Some of whom, Judge Bellamy Storer says, "I am personally acquainted with, and they have my perfect confidence, and from the mode in which the Institution is managed, I have no doubt, that any contributions the agent may receive from the friends of the colored people, will be faithfully and judiciously applied." And S. P. Chase, Esq., says, "I know the Institution to be every way worthy of aid."

There are only fifteen children in the Asylum at present, and the reason for this small number is, the want of means to take care of a greater. The Institution has never received any foreign help but \$100 from Philadelphia. It is for you, friends of God and his poor, to see whether the Trustees shall have what is needed to carry on this great and good work.

The Trustees ask you, "Shall we have an spot of earth—one house, where our poor and destitute may find relief, and shelter from the storm? Who will say, yes! Hear what the True Democrat of the 2d of Oct. says, "We trust that those who are called upon to give, will remember that our beautiful republican laws do not extend the same blessing to colored children as white children, if they are educated at all, it has to be accomplished by their own perseverance against deep rooted prejudice, and with what little they may obtain from benevolent friends," and the Oberlin Evangelist of the 13th of Oct., speaks as follows:—"The poor colored Orphans of Ohio, appeal to the philanthropists and christians of our country for aid. State patronage befriends all other orphans, but passes by these on the other side. Other institutions for the blind, deaf and dumb, for the insane, and friends and patrons. Shall this alone—establish for a class not less helpless and desolate than they, appeal to the friends of bleeding humanity in vain? Who so affectingly dependent on humane charity as they whose public sentiment organs with disabilities and loads down with obloquy—of whom legislative care provides no instruction to their youth, and no succor in their poverty and sickness?"

Such a class as this, existing in a christian land, most of course root their cases on an appeal to the hearts of christian and philanthropic men and women throughout the country. Shall it be said? We repeat it, shall it be said? God reward it, shall it be said? It is in vain! Should it be said, it will be regretted, when Jesus shall

say, "As much as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." WM. P. NEWMAN, Agent.

P. S.—Money, provisions, articles of clothing, bedding, &c., will be thankfully received and may be sent to the Agent, Oberlin, Lorain co. O.

It was stated in a previous number, that the expenses of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's illness at Cleveland, were \$100; and an invitation was extended to those who wished to aid in defraying them, to send their donations to the Treasurer of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—such contributions to be acknowledged through the columns of the Bugle.

Amount previously acknowledged \$36.50

Jno. Smith, Mecca, 1.00  
Jno. Bissell, 1.50  
J. W. Walker, 1.00  
H. Curtis, 1.00  
Hezekiah Young, 1.00  
Lucy Clark, .50

\$42.50

J. ELIZABETH JONES, Treasurer.

Some money has also been received lately in payment of pledges made to the Western Society, an account of which will be published in a month or two, by the Treasurer.

**Receipts.**

D. B. Marsh, Andover, \$1.00—194  
Jno. Debow, New Lyme, 2.00—121  
O. A. Hatch, Bundyburg, 1.00—109  
David Bates, Unionville, 2.00—167  
Allen & Vandenberg, Oakland, 1.00—150  
Wm. Whitney, " 1.00—130  
Jno. Christ, Benton, 1.00—175  
Phebe Henschellwood, Salem, 90—119  
Wm. Keal, " 1.00—174  
Saml. Bowker, " 1.00—174  
Clark Treseott, " 1.00—174  
Jno. Gibbons, " 1.00—174  
David Cline, " 1.00—174  
Jos. Hall, " 1.00—174  
David Seefeld, " 1.80—161  
Jos. Saxton, " 25—119  
Thos. Sharp, " 94—119  
T. & J. Boone, " 1.39—193  
D. F. Hiddleston, " 2.39—112  
Jno. Rigby, " 1.15—112  
Jeremiah Dickinson, " 1.05—119  
Mersey Lloyd, Lloydsville, 1.50—176  
Mersey A. Nichols, New Castle, 1.50—900  
Newton Whitney, New Garden, 1.50—176  
Jos. Gissell, " 75—129  
M. Mendenhall, " 1.50—169  
D. Miller, " 1.50—149  
Ann Reeves, Mt. Union, 1.50—171  
Geo. Hayward, Selma, 1.50—116  
Rich. Wright, " 1.50—184  
Jos. Smith, Lowell, " 1.50—168  
Chas. Leavenworth, Mill Creek, 50—150  
Wm. Thompson, Randolph, 3.00—104  
Mrs. Mary Bruce, New Lisbon, 1.00—170  
M. King, Vernon, 50—130  
S. L. Husley, Ellsworth, 1.97—176  
Jos. Couch, Jr., Richfield, 1.90—121  
Jno. Thomas, " 1.50—134  
Lester Hall, " 1.50—134  
Elijah Poor, " 50—101  
H. C. Hawkins, Ravenna, 2.00—96  
Ann Silvers, Pottersville, 1.50—172  
Stephen Strickland, New Lyme, 25—197  
H. J. Wilecutt, Windham, 1.57—123  
Ed. Matthews, Ravenna, 1.57—123  
Robt. Campbell, Salem, 1.50—164  
N. Davis, E. Rochester, 1.00—176  
P. Garretson, Mt. Union, 1.50—166  
Jno. Grant, " 1.50—166  
H. Thomas, New Garden, 1.50—161  
J. P. Grewell, Bucks, 2.00—139  
J. T. Myers, Burlington, 2.00—119  
Cath. Wolf, Marlboro, 1.60—172  
Janah Wileman, " 1.50—166  
A. C. Willey, New Lyme, 2.00—112  
E. Brown, " 1.00—142  
W. Ge, " 1.00—114  
W. A. Deming, " 1.00—160  
N. Proctor, Twinsburg, 1.50—176  
R. Baldwin, Lima, 1.00—181  
O. Wait, Hudson, 1.35—139  
Solomon Ween, Berlin, 1.00—176  
A. Keith, Danvers, 1.10—176  
Lucinda French, Austburg, 1.50—171  
A. G. Henderson, Denmark, 1.00—176  
M. S. Austin, Augusta, 1.00—176  
M. S. Howell, Madison, 1.00—176  
Mary Tuttle, Eggleston, 1.00—176  
Wm. Porter, Farmington, 1.00—103  
S. Southam, Hinkley, 2.00—191  
N. Davis, Salsomville, 1.50—105  
A. Mackey, Washingtonville, 1.50—170  
Lot Holmes, Columbiana, 1.50—170  
Sanford Honeaty, " 1.50—170  
Jacob Woods, Columbiana, 50—66  
Jos. Saxton, Salem, 25—119  
D. H. Hise, " 25—119  
Israel Bennis, " 2.50—113  
D. Bonnell, " 1.50—185

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# POETRY.

From the National Era.  
Songs of Labor.

## THE HUSKERS.

BY JOHN O. WHITTIER.

It was late in mid October, and the long autumnal rain.  
Had left the summer harvest fields all green  
With grass again;  
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all  
The woodlands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbow or the  
Meadow flowers of May.  
Through a thin dry mist that morning the sun  
Rose broad and red.  
At first a rayless disc of fire, it brightened as  
It sped;  
Yet, even its noontide glory fell chastened  
And subdued  
On the corn-fields and the orchards and softly  
Pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to  
The night,  
It wove with golden shuttle the haze with  
Yellow light;  
Shining through the painted beeches, it glowed  
The hill,  
And beneath it pond and meadow lay brighter,  
Greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught  
Glimpses of that sky,  
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed  
They knew not why;  
And school-girls, gay with aster flowers be-  
side the meadow brook,  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sun-  
shine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the pa-  
tient weather-cocks,  
But, even the birches on the hills stood mo-  
tionless as rocks;  
No sound was in the woodlands, save the  
Squirrel's dropping shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs,  
Low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stub-  
ble fields lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled in light and shade  
The pale-green waves of rye;  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys  
Fringed with wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy  
Corn crop stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through  
Thickets that dry and were  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone  
Out the yellow ear;  
Beneath the turnip lay concealed in many a  
Verdant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the pump-  
kin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvester, and many a  
Creaking wheel  
Drove slowly to the long-barn-floor its load of  
Husk and grain;  
The rattle of his hoe that morn, sank down  
At last the sun,  
Ending the day of dreary light and warmth  
As it began.

And lo! through the western pines, on moun-  
tain, stream, and pond,  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire  
Beyond,  
Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder  
Glow shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were ming-  
led into one!

As then into the quiet night the sunset lapsed  
Softly,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the tran-  
quil shadows lay,  
From misty a brown old farm-house and ham-  
let without name,  
Their milking and their home tasks done, the  
Merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitch-  
forks in the snow,  
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleas-  
ant scene below;  
The glowing pile of husks behind, the golden  
Cuts of corn,  
And laughing eyes and bushy brows and brown  
Cheeks glistening o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look  
And heart,  
Talking their old times over, the old men sat  
Apart,  
While up and down the unhusked pile, or  
Resting in its shade,  
At hide and seek with laugh and shout, the  
Happy children played.

Tired by the good host's daughter, a maiden  
Young and fair,  
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride  
Of soft brown hair,  
The master of the village school, sleek of hair  
And smooth of tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm a husk-  
ing ballad sang!

Heard high the farmer's wintry hoard!  
Heard high the golden corn!  
No nearer gift has Autumn poured  
From misty her lavish horn!

Let other hands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the tree,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine,  
We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vates bestow,  
To cheer us when the snow still drifts  
Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring time came with flower and bud  
And grasses green and young,  
And merry hobblins in the wood,  
Like mad musicians sung,  
We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And fringed from our sprouting grain  
The robber-crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
The leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved to him midsummer's moon  
In south and yellow hair.

And now with Autumn's moonlit eyes  
The harvest time has come,  
We pluck away the frosty leaves,  
And bear the husks home.  
There, richer than the fabled gift  
Of golden showers of old,

Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let rapid idlers loiter in silk  
Around their costly board,  
Give us the bowl of sump and milk  
By home-spun beauty poured.

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
And bless our corn-fed girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of the Yankee's grain,  
His wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let midday blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let us for its golden corn  
Send up our thanks to God!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Union Magazine.

### The Bewildered Savage.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

The origin of the Caffers is lost in the dark-  
ness of remote antiquity; but their persons,  
manners, and customs, indicate a higher source  
of civilization than the other tribes of Africa.  
Before they were harried and hunted by the  
white men that infest their shores, they were  
a pastoral people, brave and manly, but rarely  
goaded to deeds of violence. Their fea-  
tures are European, their color a clear, dark-  
brown; their forms athletic and graceful, and  
their manners frank and cheerful.

Christianity has been a form of sectarian-  
ism, not differing from its minor subdivisions  
essentially in spirit, though necessarily some-  
what more enlarged in its boundaries. Hence  
all nations who do not know the Divine Prin-  
ciple of the Universe by the name of God,  
have been branded as heathens and infidels.  
Mahometans have manifested the same spirit  
of limitation; and because the tribes of East-  
ern Africa worshipped the Creator under the  
name of Udali, instead of Allah, the Moors  
called them kafirs, which is the Arabic word  
for infidel. Hence their country came to be  
known to the civilized world by the name of  
Caffer-land, or Caffaria. But doubtless the  
angels judge quite differently of these mat-  
ters. They are attracted toward the religious  
sentiment, without caring for its name. The  
sight, and the tear, and the simple reverential  
thought, often rise up to them as prayer from  
the moon-lighted desert, while the heavy at-  
mosphere of earth presses down, out of their  
hearing, pulpits, and many an unwinning  
response from gilded prayer-books. In  
every form of society, Nature has her priests,  
her prophets, and her poets too, though they  
pass away by thousands unrecorded, for want  
of utterance through literature and the Arts.

Among the poetic temperaments of Caffer-  
land, was Marossi, a docile, contemplative  
child, an earnest observer of the earth and  
the heavens. "Mother, who made the stars?"  
was one of his earnest questions; and when  
told that Udali created them, he imagined the  
winds were his voice, and the sunshine his  
clothing. The deep, quiet, little soul, was  
overflowing with affection. It seemed an ab-  
solute necessity of his existence, to be near  
something he could love. He must nestle  
with his pet antelope under the shade of the  
mimosa tree, or fall asleep with his little hand  
within that of his mother. He was the young-  
est of her children, the most beautiful in  
form, the gentlest in spirit, and something  
of reverence mingled with his love for him,  
while she listened to his thoughtful ques-  
tions.

When he was about eight years old, a Mo-  
rovan missionary, who happened to be trav-  
elling that way, visited their cabin, and talk-  
ed to them of the Christian's God, under the  
name of Udali, which is an African word sig-  
nifying The Beautiful. His discourse, im-  
perfectly expressed in Caffer dialect, was still  
more imperfectly understood by the untor-  
ed boy; but still it made a deep impression  
on him. The missionary told him that Ud-  
li was all Love; that his love descended in  
dew to refresh the flowers, and in sunshine  
to warm the earth, and into the soul of man,  
filling it with peace and good-will. Marossi  
never forgot this description of the Christian's  
God. In the radiant beauty of sunset, in the  
mid glow of moonlight, in his mother's  
smile, in the lambent eyes of his antelope, he  
felt the presence of Udali. It seemed strange  
to him that his father hated the Christians,  
and spoke scornfully of their sacred books.

When he told of whole tribes killed by them,  
or carried off into slavery, they asked his  
mother, with sad astonishment, whether these  
people also believed in Udali, who filled the  
souls of men with peace and good-will; and  
when she told him yes, his little brain was  
bewildered.

The secluded hamlet in which he was born  
was in a deep valley, girdled round by almost  
impassable mountains, whose foot the  
white man had never trod, within his recol-  
lection. But a few weeks after the visit of  
the good missionary, the family were wakened  
at midnight by fearful shrieks and howls.  
For an instant they supposed that lions or  
hyenas were among their rocks; but through  
of fire-arms soon announced a human foe. In  
vain the poor Caffers strove to defend their  
wives and children. Their humble cabins  
were all ablaze, their fields of maize and mil-  
let trampled down, and all who were not  
slaughtered, were bound hand and foot and  
dragged off toward the sea-coast. Terrible  
was the impression this scene made on the  
sensitive spirit of Marossi. To his dying  
hour, he never could forget those dusky forms  
struggling and bleeding in the fierce glare  
of the torchlight. When they were hurried away,  
driven like a herd of cattle across the coun-  
try, he asked where was his father; but his  
weeping mother could not tell. Silently and  
sadly, he trudged along by her side, holding  
fast by her hand. But the march was long  
and wearisome, and many of the paths were  
rough and stony. Their feet began to bleed,  
and they lagged a little; whereupon the  
Christian drivers cursed them, and cut them  
with their whips. They swore they would  
shoot all the small boys, for they were not  
worth the time they cost to keep up with the  
drave. The Caffer children did not under-  
stand their brutal words, but they were fright-  
ened by their looks, and clung closer to their  
suffering mothers. On their route, they pass-

ed the cabin of a Dutch boor, to whom the  
slave-traders called aloud, and asked if he  
wanted to buy a brat. After a brief parley,  
they sold Marossi to him for an old jacket.  
Terrible were the shrieks of mother and child,  
when they were torn asunder. With frantic  
energy the poor widowed one tossed her arms  
in the air, and called her youngest and best  
beloved, who vainly struggled in the strong  
arms of the boor. The desolate child heard  
the loud snap of the whip, as they drove her  
away, and the sound cut deep into his tor-  
mented soul. That night, as he lay weeping  
on the mud floor of the Dutch cabin, he thought  
over the beautiful words of the Moravian  
Missionary, and he could not understand  
how it was that these men believed in the  
same God.

Two wretched years he lived in the Dutch-  
man's service, beaten by him, and kicked by  
his sons, whenever they drank too much  
peach-brandy, or met with any accident that  
ruffled their tempers. Every seventh day they  
retained from work, and sometimes a man  
came among them who read from a big book,  
and talked and prayed. But Marossi herded  
with the pigs and the dogs, and no notice was  
taken of him. Once he had his ears soundly  
boxed for making the dogs bark on a Sunday;  
but this was all the religion he was ever  
taught; and certainly the fact that dogs might  
bark every other day in the week, but that  
Udali did not like to have them bark on the  
seventh day, was not remarkably well calcu-  
lated to enlighten his benighted soul. And the  
heart of the orphan was starving, even more  
than his mind. He had not heard the tones  
of kindness since his mother was torn away  
from him. His only comfort was an antelope  
he had tamed, whose mild eyes re-  
minded him of the playmate of his early child-  
hood. But the boor's son took a fancy to the  
animal's beautiful skin, and swore he would  
have it for a jacket. When Marossi claimed  
the antelope for his own, and refused to part  
with it, the old Dutchman gave him a flog-  
ging for his impudence. Under such influ-  
ences, clouds of stupidity of course gathered  
fast over the originally bright young soul;  
but the strong affections, which were now all  
centered on one small animal, could not be  
easily stifled. He inwardly vowed that he  
would suffer anything, death itself, rather than  
see his favorite companion cut up to make  
the young boor's jacket. So he rose  
stealthily at midnight, and ran away with his  
beautiful antelope. It was a fearful under-  
taking for a boy of ten years to go forth alone  
into the wilderness, where hyenas laughed  
in the darkness, and lions made their lair.

But he was less afraid of lions and hyenas,  
than of those Christian men, who whipped  
him for claiming his own, as they had whip-  
ped him for making a noise while the preach-  
er talked of Udali, who had sent a great  
prophet on earth to proclaim peace and good-  
will.

The morning light showed stupendous  
mountain ridges, the sides of which he eagerly  
climbed, to avoid pursuers. The antelope  
was used to such rugged passes, and sprang  
lightly from rock to rock, sometimes ap-  
parently lost, but always returning to her mas-  
ter's whistle. From the cliffs above, the  
eagles swooped round him with wild screams,  
and in the ravines below, baboons pelted him  
as he passed. The sharp rocks cut his weary  
feet, but he was afraid to stop long, and ever  
and anon he walked through streams of wa-  
ter, lest the howls of the "Deushu" should  
get on his track. About noon, he came along  
a billowy chaos of huge precipices, frightful  
in their fantastic grandeur, and stirred by  
dark, dense forests, through which tramped  
great herds of buffaloes and elephants. How  
awful was the landscape to that poor ignorant  
boy! Vague ideas of what his mother said  
of Udali the Creator, and what the mission-  
ary taught concerning Udali, the Beautiful,  
flitted through his mind with ghost-like, op-  
pressive solemnity. He wondered whether  
Udali lived up there among that sea of precip-  
ices, or whether the "Deushu" knew that he,  
the friendly child, was traversing these great  
mountain all alone. The elephants had forced  
a way for him through forests tangled  
with interlacing boughs and rope-like vines.  
Through these deeply-shaded paths, the weary  
wanderer came at last in sight of a wide,  
dreary plain, where no verdure was. A few  
ostriches were seen in the distance, and here  
and there a tall Secretary-bird stalked awk-  
wardly about in search of snakes. No rain  
had fallen for some time, and the country was  
so parched that not even the buzz of a wild  
bee, or the chirp of a grass-hopper, broke the  
dreary silence. Marossi had a dream enter-  
ing upon this level tract, where no hiding-  
place of rocks or thickets, could be found.

But from what he had heard the preacher say,  
he judged that a Moravian settlement lay in  
that direction, and his heart yearned for the  
kind missionary who came to his father's  
hut, and told them of Udali, the Beautiful,  
who filled the whole heavens and earth with  
his love.

As he travelled on, even the ostriches dis-  
appeared, and no living creature could be seen,  
but myriads of ants crawling in black streams  
over the ground, or building their numerous  
pyramidal cities, which green and speckled  
lizards harked in the hot sun-  
shine. The little streams that bubbled up in  
the mountains were heard no more, and nei-  
ther roots nor berries could be found. But  
here and there wild water-cresses lay on the  
sand, and with them Marossi refreshed him-  
self and fed his panting antelope. Fortunately,  
he could sleep with comparative safety on  
these dreary plains, where there was neither  
food nor drink to allure wild beasts. Days  
passed, and the half-famished boy again came  
to mountain ridges, without having seen a  
single human habitation. He clung the  
summit eagerly, to search for roots, while  
his antelope browsed on the foliage. Far be-  
low him lay a verdant valley, through which  
flowed a silver stream, fringed with the grace-  
ful willows of Babylon. Flocks of zebras  
fed in the meadows, their glossy striped coats  
shining in the sun. And there, oh joyful  
sight! in a grove of mimosa trees, on the mar-  
gin of the river, was a cluster of cabins!

Tired and foot-sore as he was, the boy pressed  
forward with all his remaining strength,  
longing inexpressibly to hear the sound of a  
human voice. But when he came near, and  
saw a white man seated in front of the  
cabin, his heart dropped down like lead.  
He looked anxiously toward the mountains,  
and doubted whether it were not best to fly  
and hide himself again in their dark recesses.  
But the smell of savory food was borne on  
the air, and he was almost starving. So, lead-  
ing his antelope by a rope of grass, he walk-  
ed up to the man, and said in broken Dutch,  
"Stranger, I am all alone in the world. The  
supplanted of his flexible form, the sad tone  
of his voice, and the pleading earnestness of  
his large brown eyes, touched the heart of  
the Scottish emigrant, who was himself an

exile in a strange land. He led the wander-  
er into his cabin, where the kind wife brought  
water for his weary feet, and bound soft ban-  
dages about them, while the little children  
came, one after another, to bring some article  
of food. When he had appeased his hunger,  
he looked up to thank them, and a whole cir-  
cle of white faces smiled upon him affection-  
ately. Poor persecuted child! He had not met  
such glances since they whipped his mother  
from him; and the unaccustomed kind-  
ness filled his heart too full. He laid his  
head down on the neck of his antelope and  
wept freely; and thus the weary one fell  
asleep in that friendly cabin. Long and sweet  
were his slumbers, and the woke amid smiling  
faces and kindly tones.

Never did flower-bud, transplanted from  
nipping winds to sheltered nooks and genial  
sunshine, unfold more rapidly than did this  
wild blossom. His plant form moved with  
freer grace, his innocent face beamed with  
affection, his faculties grew keen and active  
in the service of those he loved, while an in-  
stinctive politeness of the heart taught him to  
be always unselfishly considerate of them.

They loved the beautiful brown boy, as if he  
were their own son, and from their friendly  
lips the Christian maxims of peace and good-  
will sank deep into his gentle heart.  
When they went to England, two years  
afterward, they took Marossi with them. Where-  
ver he went, he attracted the love of  
strangers by his bright intelligence, his affec-  
tionate docility, and deep religious feeling.  
The humid climate of Great Britain brought  
on consumption, during the rapid progress of  
which his expressive countenance became  
more and more transparent, and lighted up  
with an inward radiance. He knew that he  
was dying, and he asked to be baptized into  
the Christian church. Many witnessed the  
interesting ceremony, and as they gazed upon  
his innocent countenance, they said to each  
other, "Verily, of such are the kingdom of  
Heaven."

But though the soul of the young African  
was tranquil in the arms of a happy faith,  
many of the doings of Christians seemed dark  
and strange to him. At first, he thought the  
British were the real children of Udali, and  
that Portuguese and Dutch must be the chil-  
dren of the devil. But he afterward learned  
that the British had carried on the slave-trade,  
yet worshipped Udali in their temples, the  
same as now. This incongruity no explana-  
tion could ever make clear to him. And  
there was another thing which greatly per-  
plexed his unsophisticated mind. The day  
he was baptized, the minister returned thanks  
to God for a great victory the British had  
gained over their enemies; and when he re-  
turned home, he heard Englishmen saying to  
each other that so many Frenchmen had been  
killed, and so many wounded. Suddenly there  
flashed up before his imagination a vision  
of that terrible night in Africa, when he saw  
bleeding relatives and neighbors struggling in  
the lurid light of their own burning homes.  
He pondered deeply over this conversation  
of the Christians, and when he was alone  
with his friend and teacher, he spoke of it,  
and inquired whether the great prophet sent  
by Udali had not told men to forgive their  
enemies, and always return good for evil.

His teacher, somewhat embarrassed, answer-  
ed, "Yes, but the king must defend his coun-  
try, and the troops must obey the king."  
Does not the king then believe in Udali  
and the prophet? asked the simple young  
convert.

The Christian teacher did the best he could  
in his awkward position. He made no at-  
tempt to reconcile the practice of war with  
the gospel of peace, but contented himself  
by observing that many things above the com-  
prehension of Marossi would be explained to  
him in Heaven. The meek disciple bowed  
his head in all humility, and asked no more  
questions.

Angels soon after carried the guileless one  
to the presence of Udali, where, amid his  
lovers, the missionary, he has forgotten the bewil-  
dering mazes of this most incongruous  
world.

### Two Remarkable Instances of Unjust Executions in Paris, on Circumstantial Evidence.

A citizen had lost several silver forks; he  
accused his maid servant, and she was con-  
demned to the guillotine. Justice hanged her.  
The forks were found, six months after, un-  
der an old roof, behind a head of tiles, where  
a magpie had hid them. It is well known  
that this bird, by an inexplicable instinct,  
steals and collects utensils of gold and sil-  
ver. An unusual mass was founded at St.  
John-en-grave for the repose of this innocent  
girl. The souls of the judges had more oc-  
casion for it.

About 17 years ago, a young woman from  
the country, of a very agreeable person, was  
servant to a man who had all the views at-  
tendant upon the corruption of large cities.  
Struck with her charms, he tried all methods  
of seduction. She was virtuous; she resist-  
ed. Her discretion only inflamed the pas-  
sions of her master, who, not being able to  
prevail with her, devised the blackest and  
most abominable revenge. He clandestinely  
put into her box where she kept her clothes,  
several things belonging to himself and mark-  
ed with his name; he then exclaimed that he  
was robbed, sent for a constable, and made  
his deposition. When the box was opened,  
the effects which he claimed were known.  
The poor girl being imprisoned, had only  
in answer to the interrogatories was, that she  
was innocent.

Our criminal jurisprudence cannot be suffi-  
ciently condemned, when we consider that  
the Judges had no suspicion of the wicked-  
ness of her accuser, and that they enforce the  
law to its utmost rigour; a rigor which is ex-  
treme and which ought to be banished from  
our code, and give place to a simple chastise-  
ment, which would leave fewer robberies un-  
punished.

Innocent as she was, she was condemned to  
be hanged. She was unskillfully execu-  
ted, being the first essay of the executioner's  
son. A surgeon bought the body. As he  
was preparing that evening to dissect it,  
he perceived some remains of warmth, the  
knife dropped from his hand, and he put in  
to his bed her whom he was going to auto-  
mize.

His endeavors to restore her to life succeed-  
ed. At the same time he sent for an ecclesi-  
astic, with whose discretion and experience  
he was well acquainted, as well to consult  
him on this strange event as to make him a  
witness to his conduct.

At the moment when this unfortunate girl  
opened her eyes, she thought herself in an-  
other world, and seeing the figure of the Priest,  
who had a large head and strongly marked

(for I knew him, and from him had this ac-  
count,) she clasped her hands with terror, and  
exclaimed, "Eternal Father, you know my  
innocence, have mercy on me!" She did not  
cease to invoke that ecclesiastic, thinking she  
saw God himself. It was long before she  
could be convinced that she was not dead, so  
strongly the ideas of the punishment and death  
had impressed her imagination. Nothing  
could be more affecting or impressive than  
this acclamation of an innocent soul, to him  
whom she considered as her Supreme Judge;  
and without her endearing beauty, this sight  
alone was sufficient to interest strongly a man  
of sensibility and observation. What a pic-  
ture for a painter! What a narrative for a  
philosopher! What a lesson for a lawyer!

The case was not rehearsed, as was said in  
the journal of Paris. The servant recovered  
from her fright and was restored to life, hav-  
ing discovered a mortal in whom she had  
adored, who made her transfer her prayers to  
the only adorable Being, quitted that night  
the house of the surgeon, who was doubly  
uneasy on her account and his own. She  
went and concealed herself in a distant vil-  
lage, dreading to meet the judges, the guards,  
and the shocking galleys, always present to  
her imagination.

The horrible calamity remained unpun-  
ished, because his crimes, though manifested  
to private witnesses, was not so in the sight  
of the magistrate and the laws.  
The people were acquainted with this resur-  
rection. They loaded the author of this  
wicked deed with reproaches. But in this  
immense city, the crime was soon forgotten,  
and the monster perhaps still breathes; at  
least he has not suffered in this world the  
punishment he deserves.—Paris Journal.

### Singing Mouse.

The Sept. number of the Journal of the  
Franklin Institute describes, in the following  
manner, a natural curiosity, which had been  
exhibited at the September meeting of the In-  
stitute:

"A natural curiosity was next exhibited,  
which excited considerable interest. This was  
a singing mouse, which, though declining on  
this occasion to perform in its best style,  
yet gave sufficient proof that its musical pow-  
ers are wonderful for an animal of its kind. It  
is a common domestic mouse, (*Mus Mus-  
culus*), and in appearance differs, in no re-  
markable particular, from other individuals of  
its species.

It was the musical talent of this little crea-  
ture which led to its capture. A lady, who  
keeps some canary birds in her room through-  
out the day, but who is in the habit of having  
the cages removed to another apartment for  
the night, happened to hear, after retiring, a mu-  
sical chirping in the room, apparently pro-  
ceeding from under a bureau. Supposing  
that one of her birds had escaped from its  
cage and remained in the room, she attempt-  
ed to dislodge it from its supposed conceal-  
ment. No bird, however, made its appear-  
ance; but a mouse was startled from beneath  
the bureau, and ran to another part of the  
room, where it recommenced its song. It  
was caught and confined in a cage, which it  
has now inhabited about six weeks, having  
become quite tame, and evidently recognising  
individuals, by showing more familiar regard  
to its keeper than to strangers.

It is seldom entirely silent, except when  
sleeping, almost constantly emitting a low  
chirping series of notes, resembling somewhat  
the twitter produced by a nest of young birds.  
As the evening advances, its musical dispo-  
sition is more fully developed, until, usually  
towards midnight, its notes increase in pow-  
er, compass, and variety; it then frequently  
pours forth a gush of melody, resembling the  
song of a canary bird, but softer and less  
shrill than the notes of the feathered song-  
ster."

SMART.—The Tribune has the following  
puzzle: A poor fellow was yesterday brought  
before one of the police justices, charged with  
the crime of being intoxicated. The justice  
interrogated him—"Well, what do you get  
drunk and come here in this situation for?"  
"See here," was the reply, uttered with the  
hiccough and accentuation of drunken men,  
"What do you give licenses for?"

A patent has been taken out for the dispos-  
ing with sewing in the manufacture of shirts,  
collars, and linen articles. The pieces are  
fastened together by indissoluble glue.

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